

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, October 9, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

LADY Barome, being once more than usually tranquil, said to Matilda—
“I will now shew you my favourite spot, where I pass the only happy hours that I can experience in this miserable captivity!”

She then led the way to the picture gallery, where the first portrait that engaged the attention of Matilda, was that of a warrior, whose stature was almost gigantic. His features were boldly delineated, but his eyes seemed to gleam with cunning malignity.

“That,” said Lady Barome, shaking and averting her head, “is my jailor, the owner of this castle;—the Marquis de Lacy.—Observe the youth who is trying on his helmet, while he wields his enormous sword, which he seems gloriously to bear.”

Matilda needed not to have this object pointed out to her; her eyes were already fixed on a youth of graceful deportment, upon whose open countenance a glorious ardour seemed diffused, while his eyes were raised to the spectator with a look capable of inspiring the most enthusiastic sentiments of admiration.

“That,” said Lady Barome, “is his son, the youthful and reputed amiable Valtimond.”

They then passed several not worthy of notice. At length she stopped opposite a picture, representing a lady and gentle-

man, who hung with apparent fondness over a lovely infant.

“That is my sister, with her husband and child.—Another time I may, perhaps, be able to reveal to you the story of my misfortunes. But this,” cried she, breaking from Matilda, and throwing herself on her knees before the portrait of a gentleman “this engages all my attention!”

Matilda, with terror, perceived the wildness of her looks, and attempted to raise her; but she gave a tremendous shriek, exclaiming—

“Ah! barbarous!—attempt not to tear me from my lord—my husband!—I will stay with my William!—Hark!—his groans—oh! they have murdered him!!—Great God!—he dies!”

She fell prostrate on her face. Matilda, struck with affright, ran into the adjoining room, and rang the bell with violence. Margery instantly appeared, who assisted to carry their lady to bed, where she continued some time in frantic delirium. Nature was at length exhausted, and she sunk into a torpid slumber.

During Matilda's residence at the castle, Sir Roger had never troubled them with his visits, and her time would have passed comfortably enough, had Lady Barome been in a state of convalescence. As it was, she worked, read, or (what she particularly delighted in) walked in the picture gallery, where she would incessantly dwell on the features of young De Lacy.

“Surely,” said she, mentally, “this youth cannot possess the base qualities of his father! He looks amiable and engaging.”

Then she would seek to divest her mind of this fascinating object, by surveying the other portraits, but in vain: she as constantly returned, and again her eyes were rivetted on the attractive Valtimond.

CHAP. IV.

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:—
Let schoolmen tell us why. HOMER.

LADY Barome, in one of her rational intervals, proposed walking on the ramparts, to which a door opened from the armoury. Thither they bent their steps; and, as they walked to and fro, Lady Barome turned towards Matilda with earnestness, and taking her hand, pressed it between her own.

—“My good young friend, said she, “I now feel myself so composed, that I will relate to you the sad history of my life, and of the misfortunes which have caused me to be in this melancholy situation. Matilda endeavoured to dissuade her from such a trying task, fearing she might be overpowered with the recollection of her sorrows. Lady Barome, however, desired her attention: she then began the following recital:

“My sister Madeline and myself were the only children of an illustrious family. Being the youngest, I was consequently the favourite. The indulgence I received from my parents, caused me, at an early age, to possess a spirit and sense of dignity too much for my years; which spirit has ultimately proved my ruin.

“My sister's beauty and unaffected modesty soon procured her a train of admirers. The most favoured of which was Arthur de Warrenne, earl of Surry.

Matilda started, but Lady Barome, not perceiving her agitation, continued:

“No obstacle intervening, they were married, and retired to their family-seat. I loved my sister, and most severely felt the separation, being the first we had ever ex-

perienced. As I had lost the dear friend and companion of my youth, I was not sorry when my hand was solicited by William Barome, a baron of great possessions and respectable character; and I consented to an immediate union with him. It was my misfortune to lose my parents, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, about this time. The tender and assiduous affection of my husband, in some measure consoled me under my grief, and the birth of a charming boy completed that happiness which I could not but know with a man possessed of the excellent qualities of my William.

"Alas! our felicity was but of short duration. After the rupture among the barons, the tyrant John demanded hostages for our fidelity, and messengers were dispatched to seize our son. Frantic with rage, I bade defiance to his power, and refused to deliver him up. My husband applauded my resolution, but the offence was too great for pardon. Our estates were confiscated, and an order sent to take us into confinement. For myself I cared little:—my husband and my child claimed all my attention. Our house was surrounded by guards, and I was forced into a carriage with my infant. I demanded my William.—'Oh!' replied one of the wretches, exultingly, 'he is safe enough: his majesty hath taken care of him, and served him as he ought to serve all such rebels!'

"I shuddered at his barbarity, and turned from him with indignation: he perceived it, and cried, exultingly,—'Oh-ho! lady-fair, your high spirit will soon be bro't down: a few month's confinement under our good Roger de Lacy will teach you how to carry your head so lofty!'

"Ah! too well I knew what I had to expect from him, I had once already offended him, by repelling the freedom of his behaviour to me, and he had vowed revenge. I gave vent to the bitter anguish of my soul in a flood of tears, with which I bedewed the face of my hapless babe, and continued in sullen silence till we reached this castle. You may suppose that I was surprised at the elegant accommodation prepared for me, as I knew from the king's mandate, which I had insisted upon being shewn to me, that I was to fare as a common prisoner. I suspected to what cause I was to attribute this extraordinary attention, and sickened with horror at the suggestion.

"The preservation of my child now became my sole study, as I felt a dread lest the revenge of De Lacy should extend to the deprivation of his life; and I necessarily dissembled the abhorrence with which I re-

ceived the vile proposals he incessantly persecuted me with, till I could devise some means for the disposal of my child. Fortunately, the gentleman to whose care I was first consigned, was a humane man. I had often observed the tear start to his eyes at my frequent exclamation of distress as I contemplated the sweet face of my smiling infant. Emboldened by his apparent compassion, I ventured to offer him a diamond of considerable value, provided he would carry my child to a place of security. He kindly promised that he would; and, with a heart torn with anguish, I took a last embrace of my darling.—Oh! my William!—my infant Raymond!—never shall I see you more!"

"Raymond!" re-echoed Matilda, "ah! such was the dear child I left. Say, dearest Madam, what memorials did you leave with him?"

"But one," replied Lady Barome; "a chain of silver fastened round his neck: but that may, by various accidents, have been lost."

Matilda was instantly convinced of his identity, and, falling on her neck, sobbed out—

"Yes, my dearest lady, it is your son—your own Raymond!"

She then related to her the history of her own life; concluding with an assurance that it must be no other than the son of Lady Barome, which had been discovered by De Warrenne.—'The immense distance being the only consideration.'

"That I can well reconcile," said Lady Barome; "the man was a Frenchman; and his desire to return to his native country might the more easily induce him to take charge of my Raymond: besides, the difference of his age when I parted with him, and that when he was found by De Warrenne, shews, that he must have been kept by the poor man for some time. Indigence might, at last, oblige the poor wretch to dispose of him in that manner.' The probability of this reconciled them to the certainty.—'Surely,' cried Lady Barome, 'just are the dispensations of Providence!—Warrenne knows not whose child he has adopted, or, in his zeal for John, he would immediately deliver him up to his persecutors.'

The joy of Lady Barome now dissolved in tears, and she seemed more settled than she had yet been since Matilda had been with her. She soon insisted upon going to the gallery, where she contemplated the picture of her husband with calm tranquillity; in short, Matilda began to hope for the perfect restoration of her senses, and listened, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, to the

sequel of the tale, which Lady Barome took an early opportunity to continue.

"I was," she resumed, "so much afflicted at the loss of my child, that I refused all manner of sustenance for several days, during which time De Lacy failed not to torment me with his detestable passion. On my knees did I implore him to have compassion on my deplorable state, and entreated to know the fate of my husband. He seemed softened, and informed me that Barome had escaped from Corfe Castle, where he had been confined, and taken refuge with my sister in Ireland. This intelligence gave me great satisfaction; but, as all communication was cut off between myself and family, it was impossible for me to hear any more authentic account.—Confinement, and incessant persecution, so harried my spirits, that my constitution suffered. The woman you found here, was placed about me, and her continual murmur and ill-humour contributing to increase my own melancholy reflections, soon brought me to the miserable state which you found me in, and, by your tender care, have so far mitigated."

She then embraced Matilda, who congratulated her with sincere pleasure upon her health being so happily reinstated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRACTS.

"LONG since has the world borne the appellation of a *theatre*, and no one would be unjust in saying, that we oftener act *tragic-pantomimes* than natural *comedy*. Masks are all the fashion. Though we may, possibly, know ourselves, yet few are they who can rightly discover their companions. Men's actions are so unaccountably different; their aims so buried in disguise, and so astonishing on discovery, that physiognomists may write till their folios reach to the heavens and observe, till memory ceases to retain;—after all, the information we receive from nature is inconceivably the best, and may well vie with the abstrucity of reasoning. The moment we begin to systemize the appearances of nature, and characterise the diversity of her outlines and odd arrangements, we confuse our minds, and are farther off from what we aim at, than when we began."

"Bear and forbear, give and forgive, are the chariot wheels which draw men on to happiness; the carriage is good-nature; prudence, firmness, industry and discretion, are the horses; reason the reins; and humanity the whip."

From the Medical Repository.

SPONTANEOUS DECOMPOSITION OF A FABRIC OF SILK.

ON the 19th of March, 1802, during the session of Congress at Washington, Jonathan Dayton, one of the Senators then attending from the state of New-Jersey, sustained a loss of a pair of black silk stockings in an uncommon manner. On undressing himself at bed-time, his stockings were the last of his garments which he took off. The weather being cold, he wore two pair, the inner of wool and the outer of silk. When he stripped off the silk stockings, he let them drop on a woollen carpet lying by the bedside, and one of his garters which was of white woollen serret, fell down with the stockings. The under stockings, on being pulled off were thrown at some distance, near the foot of the bed.—He observed, on separating and removing the silk stockings from the woollen ones, that there was an unusual snapping and sparkling of electric matter. But as he had been long acquainted with the appearance, it attracted but transient notice.

He fell asleep, and remained undisturbed till morning, when the servant entered to kindle the fire. The man observed that one of the leather slippers, lying on the carpet, and partly covered by one of the stockings, was very much burnt. Mr. Dayton then rose, and found the leather over which the stockings had laid was converted to a coal. The stockings were changed to a brown, or what is commonly called a butternut colour. And although, to the eye, the stitches of the legs, and even the threads of the clocks, appeared to be firm and entire, yet, as soon as an attempt was made to touch and handle them, they were found to be wholly destitute of cohesion, their texture and structure being altogether destroyed. Nothing but a remnant of carbonic matter was left, except that a part of the heel of one of the stockings was not decomposed.

Though this destruction of the stockings took place during the night, when nobody saw the manner and circumstances of the process, yet there was evidence enough of the evolution of much caloric while it was going on: for every thing in contact with the stocking was turned to a coal or cinder. Beside the slipper before mentioned, the garter was burned. It had fallen nearly on the carpet, and partly on and between the stockings. As far as it touched the stockings it was perfectly disorganised and carbonated, and immediately beyond that limit it was as sound as ever. The part of the carpet, with its fringe, which lay between

the stockings and the floor, was in like manner totally destroyed, just as far as it was covered by the stocking, and no farther. The wooden plank, which was of pitch pine, was also considerably scorched; and beneath the place where the thickest folds of the stockings had lain, was converted to charcoal or lampblack to a considerable depth. In throwing down the stockings when they were pulled off, it happened that about a third part of the length of one of them fell not upon the carpet, but upon the bare floor. This part of the stocking was decomposed like the rest, and the floor very much scorched where it had lain.

There was very little fire on the hearth, and the little there was, was eight or nine feet distant. The candle had been carefully extinguished and stood on a table in another direction, and about equally distant. Indeed no application of burning coals or of lighted candles could have produced the effects which have been described. It would seem that the combustion, if it may be so called, proceeded from a surcharge of anticrouon (caloric) or electron (electricity) in the silk, accumulated by means not well understood; and that, not being referable to any known extant agent, it may, in the present state of our information, be termed spontaneous.

The substances chiefly consumed were leather, wool, silk, and resinous wood. The linen lining of the slipper was indeed destroyed. But where it did not come in contact, it escaped; and the fire showed no disposition to burn even the linen beyond the boundaries prescribed to it on the leather.

What is the theory of this phenomenon? With what other facts is it immediately connected? Whatever men of science may determine on these points, one thing seems to be evident, that if spontaneous combustion can happen thus in such bodies as leather, silk, and wool, that instances of its occurring in bodies easier to burn are more frequent than is generally supposed.

Natural History.

DESCRIPTION OF A VERY SINGULAR ANIMAL.

[From the London Monthly Magazine, for July 1801.]

THE PHOCA, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model according to which the ancients represented the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is only common in the Northern seas, and is very rarely seen in the Southern seas, and especially in the Mediterranean. The fact we are

going to relate, must be, therefore, interesting to naturalists. A wood-cutter who was at his labour, in the month of last Pluvisoie, in the environs of Bastia, discovered on the shore, an animal which he did not know, and the sight of which excited in him a small degree of trepidation. It was a *Phoca*, which lay asleep on the sand. The wood-cutter called some neighbours; the animal was taken, and put in a large tub full of water. The following is a description of it.—It was about 4 feet long, had a round head, which was about 6 inches in diameter, and pretty much like that of a calf; but in lieu of ears nothing was to be seen but very narrow apertures, almost entirely concealed by hairs. Its skin, very thick and hard, was also covered with a smooth, short and oily hair. It was a female. Its eyes were prettymuch like those of an ox; it had a confident look, and yet an air of mistrust. From its flat nostrils there ran down without ceasing, especially when it was out of the water, a mucus of the most fetid odour. The neck was big, but much less than the head. Very near the neck issued out the arms, or rather membranous hands, very close to the body. Each claw had four phalanges, the nails were near six lines in length. At the first view these hands appeared without hair; but the hair was only shorter on them than on the other parts. The hind legs, which were nearly a foot in length, in a manner touched one another, and were laid in the direction of the tail. This tail terminated in a round point, and might be about 2½ inches long, by 12 or 14 lines in width. It proceeded from the middle of the two feet or hind fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they could only keep four and twenty days although sufficient care was taken of it. But it would not eat. Its appetite failed it as soon as it came into the hands of man. It refused small fish, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of treacle in cow's milk. It swallowed it very heartily, but refused a second dose. They then thought of letting it plunge into the sea, after securing it by a collar to which a long cord was attached. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time buried under the water. It was not without some trouble that they forced it to mount again to the top. There is reason to think, that in these immersions, which they repeated pretty often, because it appeared to desire them, that it fed on certain fish. It was endowed with a tolerable degree of intelligence. For example, it took a pleasure in being caressed near the neck, and testified its gratitude by small

cries, and by the winking of its eyes. When the man, to the keeping of whom it was intrusted, and who had given it the name of *Moro*, said, "Give me your hand, poor *Moro*!" it raised the forepart, stretched out its hand, and bending the phalanges, really interlocked it with the hand presented to it. Although its conformation did not permit it to be very agile, it walked, or rather crept with some degree of celerity. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal got out, and descended seven or eight steps, to find again its keeper, who was taking the air on an esplanade. It was remarked that it had not deviated a line, (the 12th part of an inch,) from the way by which the person it was seeking had passed more than an hour before. We should have some difficulty to believe these facts, say the authors of the *Decade Philosophique*, if they did not make part of a relation sent by the prefect of Golo, who was himself occasionally a witness of it: it was in contemplation to send it to Paris, but it was not long before it was found to be wasting away. The diet to which it was restrained, was, perhaps, less the cause, than a wound it had received on the right foot, it was not known how, and which every day grew worse and worse.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

Passwan Oglu, or Pazman Ohlu.

[From the *American Literary Advertiser*.]

(CONCLUDED.)

IN the year 1794, another commissioner, Hassan Mufti Bassa, was sent by the Porte to Widdin, to endeavour to come to some agreement with Pazman Ohlu. Hassi Mufti Bassa spoke of the clemency of the Sultan, and entered Widdin without any guard; but the attempt to bring about an accommodation failed; and in the year 1795, Pazman Ohlu had greatly extended his power. In the spring he sent a detachment of 1,000 men by water and by land, to surprise Nicopolis. The first attempt was unsuccessful; the town, however, was forced to surrender after a siege of twenty days. Pazman Ohlu appointed one of his most faithful adherents, who was wholly devoted to his will, Aman, (or first magistrate) in Nicopolis. In the month of December of the same year, he sent against Belgrade, the Janissaries who had been disbanded. After a number of men had fallen on both sides, the Janissaries succeeded in taking the city and the old castle; but in July of the following year, after Hassan,

then Bassa of Belgrade, had long employed all his forces against them in vain, they were again, during a bloody conflict, driven out by the Servians and Kerschalik.

The Sultan now ordered Rumeli Wal-lechi then first officer of the empire after the Grand Vizier, to attack, in conjunction with the Bassa of Belgrade and four other Bassas, the rebel Pazman Ohlu with a mighty force. In 1796, an army of 50,000 men was collected about Widdin; but, then, Pazman Ohlu had with him for his defence 40,000 of his adherents. He was strongly entrenched in the city and fort, which he had taken care to supply sufficiently with provisions and ammunition. After many fruitless attacks, in which a great number of the Grand Signor's troops perished, Rumeli Wallesi again offered favorable terms to Pazman Ohlu, and promised to obtain his pardon at the Porte, on his paying 500 pursers. This proposition was approved of by the Porte, and the treaty seems to have been actually concluded; and after a siege of three months, the Grand Signor's troops decamped from before Widdin. But Pazman Ohlu made use of this opportunity to strengthen his party, and to add new fortifications to the city; and in the year 1797, sent large detachments of troops against Nicopolis, Adrianople and Sophia on the one side, and against Belgrade on the other. Nicopolis and Adrianople surrendered; but at Belgrade and Sophia the assailants were defeated with great loss, and several hundreds taken prisoners, who were all executed as rebels. After this the Grand Vizier himself received a commission from the Porte, to collect a large army for the purpose of annihilating the daring and contumacious rebel. In the year 1798, he assembled about 60,000 men, with whom he besieged Widdin. But Pazman Ohlu had put himself in the best posture of defence, being strongly entrenched, and the entrenchment defended by batteries with a well served artillery. The Sultan's troops encamped around the city; but were not able to approach close to it. Pazman Ohlu made frequent and successful sallies; and by degrees gained over a large party even in the Grand Vizier's camp. At last, the whole situation of the besiegers having been betrayed to him, he sallied forth and attacked them in the night, killed 6000 men, and so quickly dispersed their whole army, that the Grand Vizier himself was obliged to leave his baggage behind him, and order his camp to be set on fire.

In the treaty of alliance that was soon after concluded between the Russians and Turks, one of the conditions was, that Russia

should, in case it should be required, furnish an auxiliary army of 40,000 men against Pazman Ohlu; to whom however, favourable terms of reconciliation were again offered. The Russian troops that were assembled on the borders of Wallachia added considerable weight to the propositions of the Porte; and at last an agreement took place, by which the Grand Signor was obliged to reinstate the Janissaries in their former possessions, to permit Pazman Ohlu to remain in Widdin as Bassa, and to raise him to the dignity of Bassa with three tails; and hostages were given on both sides.

All the subsequent shews of hostility on the part of Pazman Ohlu were probably only intended to accelerate the fulfillment of the promise of the three tails; and had for their ostensible pretext the subduing of some bands of robbers who infested the country. He has now attained that dignity, but the same pretext still continues. Pazman Ohlu is affable, humane, compassionate and condescending; but a strict lover of justice, and punishes even slight transgressions with great severity. He has already founded several establishments for the relief of poor widows and orphans; and on several roads built caravanseras for poor travellers, where they are for two days supplied gratis with every thing necessary.

SENTENCES,

BEAUTIFUL, AFFECTING & IMPRESSIVE.

Extracted from the works of the late SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"LIONS, elephants, and brave men, leave their country and prosper; while ravens, cowards, and deer, remain in their's and perish.

"Thus, too, it is said—What is the business of a valiant and wise man? What other country can he know, but that which he hath subdued by the strength of his arm?

"In the forest, of which a lion, armed with teeth, claws, and a tremendous tail, becomes possessor, even there he quenches his thirst with the blood of the princely elephant, whom he has slain.

"Frogs repair to a small pond, fish to a full lake; but all the wealth of others comes to a man who exerts himself.

"I continually am enjoying present pleasure, or feeling present pain: thus pains and pleasures revolve like a wheel!

"The Goddess of Prosperity hastens, voluntarily, to inhabit the mansion of that brave man, who lives contented, dispatches his business, knows the difference of actions,

is able to bear misfortunes, and is firm in friendship!

"A hero, even without riches, attains an increase of honour; but a base man, with all his collected wealth treads the path of infamy.

"How can a dog, by running away with a necklace of gold, obtain the noble spirit of a lion, whose nature leads to the acquisition of eminent virtues.

"What means thy pride, oh, wealthy man? When thy wealth is gone, thou art miserable: and the riches of men are tossed about, like a ball, from hand to hand.

"The shadow of summer clouds, the friendship of wicked men, green corn, and women, youth and wealth, all these are enjoyed but a short time!

Strive not eagerly to attain provisions; they are provided by God: when the new born animal falls from the mother, her nipples drop milk for his support.

"Yet more, my friend—He, by whom white flammans, green parrots, and richly-coloured peacocks were made, will surely find provision for thee!

"Hear, also, my beloved, the wonderful property of riches:—they who are acquiring them endure pain, and when they have acquired them, are harrassed with perils; whence, then, can proceed the delights of wealth?

"Still farther:—Even with the love of virtue, the pursuit of wealth is excelled by poverty. It is better to stand at a distance from mud, than to be defiled by bathing in it in:—therefore, as food is acquired by fowls in the air, and beasts of prey on earth, so may a man be in all places rich.

"As death is apprehended by all animals, so the apprehensions of the rich from kings, from water, from fire, from robbers, from relations, never cease!

"In many births is pain; and what pain may not ensue?—When will there be no desire of wealth?—A desire which is insatiable.

"Again, oh, my brother, hear:—Riches are not easily acquired, and when acquired are with extreme care preserved: when death comes they are gone; be not, therefore, anxious for wealth.

"If thirst of riches be abandoned, who is poor? But if it continue, and a river of gold be given to satisfy it, yet mean habits of servility will remain with it.

"From the attainment of every desired object, the desire is satisfied: if conversely the desire be satisfied, a man rich in himself, has obtained his object.

"Still farther:—What use is there in wealth to him who neither gives nor enjoys it? What is strength to him who subdues

not his own foes? What signifies a knowledge of the Scripture to him who fails to practise virtue? What is the soul itself to him who keeps not his own body in subjection?

"Why should many words be used? Let the present time be spent in confidential discourse.

"As it is written—Friendships, even after death; resentments before it; appeased; and a boundless liberality. These are not the qualities of little souls!"

Morality.

"Think, mortal, what it is to die!"

TO bid farewell to all below the sun—to dissolve connexion with all that now gives pleasure or pain—to launch away to a world unknown, are ideas included in the dissolution of that mysterious tie, which unites the immortal tenant to a house of clay.—What scenes of wonder and amazement will unfold, when once the curtain drops, is known only to those who have made the experiment. Depending, in our present state, on bodily organs, for the exercise of all our mental powers, we are incapable of forming any idea of the mode of the existence of disembodied spirits. This is a secret, which for wise ends, the Divine Author of our being sees fit to conceal from the ken of mortals.

Leaving curious speculations concerning the materiality or immateriality of the soul to be debated in the schools of philosophy, let us attend to those reflections, which the certain prospects of a dying hour are calculated to inspire.

Must we shortly close our eyes on all terrestrial scenes? Why then should we distract our minds with anxiety in the various pursuits of life? Why toil to heap up treasures we are soon to leave? Why harbour envy in our breasts at those who are high fed in the lap of fortune; when we know that a few revolving suns will bring the period when Death shall demolish all distinctions but those of virtue and vice? Why cherish resentment, even against our most inveterate enemies? A few moments, and the lamp of life is extinguished, and with it, both their love and their hatred. Why value ourselves on the advantages of birth, the attainments of learning, or the blandishments of beauty? The grave knows none of these. The rich and the poor, the prince and the cottager, the learned and the illiterate, here mingle in one common mass; and beauty, tho' once a rival of Venus, is here a repast for worms. One consideration

more applies itself with peculiar force, because it involves eternal consequences. Do we believe that we are beings designed for an endless existence, and that this life is a state of probation? Shall we then suffer the objects of a day to engross our whole attention? Shall we spend our lives in pursuit of a bubble, while we acknowledge, that short as is the race of life, we run for an eternal prize? Forbid it Heaven! Nor let it ever be said that rational beings act a part so absurd. [Middlebury Mer.

Medical.

POISON AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

ST. PIERRE, in his "Studies of Nature," says, "We have preserved in the Royal Cabinet at Paris, arrows more formidable than those of Hercules, tho' dipped in the blood of the snake of Lerna. Their points are impregnated with the juice of a plant so venomous, that, tho' exposed to the air for many years, they can, with the slightest puncture, destroy the most robust of animals, in a few minutes. The blood of the creature, be the wound ever so trifling, instantly congeals. But if the patient, at the same instant, is made to swallow a small quantity of sugar, the circulation is immediately restored. Both the poison and the antidote have been discovered by the savages who inhabit the banks of the Amazon; and it is of importance to observe, that they never employ in war, but only in the chase, this murderous method of destroying lives."

Quere. Would it not be well to examine whether sugar be not an antidote to some other poisons? [Balanco.

A Remedy simple in its first Appearance, yet found by Experiment not only to be very efficacious, but even infallible, if early applied, against the Tremendous Consequences of the Bite of a Mad Dog; communicated by Dr. Loof, to the Medical Society at Amsterdam, in 1781, under the title of "Observations on the Canine Madness."

THE manner in which this remedy is to be prepared, and must be taken, the author describes in the following manner, viz. Take three yolks of hen's eggs, and oil olive as much as will fill three half egg-shells; put this together into a frying-pan, on a gentle fire, by continually stirring it with a knife, mix it well together, and continue doing this till it turns to a conserve, or thick jelly, which, when made, will fill a large tea-cup.

The manner of using it is as follows:—He who is bitten, must take (the sooner the better after the bite, the effect of the remedy being uncertain, if not applied within *nine days*) the above-mentioned doses two successive days, after he has fasted six hours, abstaining even from drink, which he likewise must do for six hours after he has taken it. When the patient has a wound, the wound must be scratched open twice a day, with a pen of fir-wood for nine successive days, and every time the wound must be dressed with some of the same remedy. He who only has played with and caressed such a dog, or has been licked by the same, must take (for precaution's sake) the above-mentioned dose only for one time.

To an animal, of what kind soever, that is bitten, must be given, two successive days, a double portion of the same remedy; and neither meat nor drink, six hours before nor six hours after.

This remedy has always been found a certain cure, when used within the time prescribed (nine days); if deferred longer, it is not so certain; but will ameliorate the horrors of the disorder, when taken even in the last stages of it. Many well attested facts are on record of its efficacy when timely applied, both on men and animals.

Characters.

NO. VIII.

A FINE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form, and to imitate, not so much what is, as what may, or ought to be.

I shall follow their example in the idea I am going to trace out, of a *fine gentleman*, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this, I shall premise, in general, that, by a fine gentleman, I mean a man completely qualified, as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society.

When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit, of which human nature is capable. To this, I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge.

When I think of the *heart* of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence.

When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his *manners*, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness: frank and affable, without impertinence; obliging and complaisant, without servility; cheerful and in good-humour, without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained, neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is, perhaps, the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run thro' a long series of *EDUCATION*. Before he makes his appearance, and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the *polite arts and sciences*. He must travel, to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the *fashionable* ornaments of life, such as the languages and bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even *dress* beneath his notice. It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found; men of courage, sense, and letters are frequent, but a real fine gentleman we seldom see; he is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the courses of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid reflections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says and does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.

(From a London Paper.)

A young sailor was on Friday tried at the Clerkwell Sessions for an assault upon his wife. Jack did not deny the fact; but according to his mode of telling the story, he had also cause to complain. He could never get her to keep in the same birth with him, and caught her out cruising under false colours! notwithstanding this provocation, he confessed he was still fond of his spouse; but having found her one day in a house of bad fame, he owned that his passion overcame him, and he beat her with a cat-o'-nine tails. The Jury, whose risible faculties were provoked, acquitted him.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 9, 1802.

EDUCATION.

ROBERT GETTY respectfully informs his Patrons, that his *SCHOOL*, adjoining the Second *Presbyterian Church*, corner of Third and Arch Streets, will be opened on Wednesday next, the 13th of October, for the reception of pupils.

N.B. NIGHT SCHOOL will commence on the Monday following.

October 9th, 1802.

Number of Interments in Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 8th of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Sept. 1,	5	3	8
— 2,	10	4	14
— 3, }	9	3	12
— 4, }			
— 5,	3	3	6
— 6,	8	0	8
— 7,	10	1	11
— 8,	5	3	8
TOTAL			67

In the enumeration of the number of cases of fever in the Northern parts of the city, &c. as stated by Drs. Currie & Carthral, published in our last; a small error occurred—The Table, as corrected, stands thus:

Died,	89
Recovered,	79
Event not known,	29
	197

A subsequent Table has since been published, containing an account of the number of cases in the other parts of the City, and in the district of Southwark, from the 17th of July to the 28th of Sept. and is as follows:

Died,	56
Recovered,	36
Event not known,	34
	126

Making the total number of cases of fever, in the City and Liberties, from July 4 to Sept. 28, three hundred and twenty-three.

The Reports at the Health Office since that time, are

September 29,	4
30,	4
October 1,	2
2,	1
4, (for 48 hours)	7

TOTAL 18

On the 5th, the following notice appeared, which we present with pleasure to our readers—

HEALTH OFFICE,

October 5, 1802.

THE advanced state of the season, and the mild appearance of the fever, induces this Board to discontinue their daily reports, other than the list of Interments, which shall be carefully collected and published as usual.

It is recommended to those who have removed to the country from the interior of the city, to have their dwellings well aired & cleansed previous to their return to town. —And the inhabitants removed from the neighbourhoods of Vine street wharf, Callowhill street, and the Drawbridge, are advised to forbear returning to their places of residence for the present.

Answers to the Paradoxes, Rebusses, &c. by a Correspondent in Annapolis.

Answer to the Paradox in page 286—*A husband.* To the Rebusses in the same page, *Chocolate, Coalition.*

ANSWERS TO THOSE IN PAGE 296.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 4. Opinionist. | 7. Carpenter. |
| 5. Lamb. | 8. TOBACCO. |
| 6. Letter. | 9. Chin. |
| 10. Ma-ry-land. | |

PROPOSALS, FOR PUBLISHING A WORK, ENTITLED, THE FEMALE MENTOR:

OR, SELECT CONVERSATIONS. IN TWO VOLUMES.

The following character of this elegant work, is extracted from the *Analytical Review*.

MISCELLANEOUS entertainment and instruction are here presented to the public under a new form. A select company of friends are supposed to meet once a fortnight, and each to bring something towards the common stock of information or amusement; for example, some biographical anecdotes, some historical relations, an essay on some subject, or a copy of verses.

These pieces, which are selected with judgment, and, as far as they are original, are drawn up with classical neatness, may afford such young ladies as have a turn for reflection an improving as well as agreeable amusement for a leisure hour.

CONDITIONS.

- I. THE two volumes shall be comprised in one—to contain about 300 pages duodecimo, to be handsomely printed on a fine paper and good type.
- II. The price neatly bound and lettered, will be one dollar; to be paid on delivery.—The subscribers' names shall accompany the work.

Subscriptions received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository.

INTELLIGENCE.

From a Calcutta Paper.

AWFUL AND SUBLIME SPECTACLE!

Cape Town Gazette—Dec. 12.

ON Tuesday morning last, about ten o'clock, the Table Mountain presented a sublime and awful spectacle. The weather was sultry, calm and rather hazy. A small cloud rested upon the summit of that part of the mountain facing Cape-town where only it is accessible thro' a deep ravine. In a moment this cloud became violently agitated, and was hurried down the side of the Mountain with a loud rumbling noise, like that of thunder, accompanied with the rustling sound of a torrent of water which continued 30 seconds; during which interval the cloud had descended half way down the mountain, enveloping a mass of moving matter, supposed, by the spectators to be a stream of lava issuing from a volcanic eruption of the mountain. The noise, however, gradually subsiding, the dust and the vapour dissipated, and it appeared that a huge mass of the uppermost stratum had by some means or other been detached from the deep chasm, and had shattered into a myriad of fragments every thing that opposed its passage.—This ravine being the usual, and indeed the only road by which the Mountain can be ascended on the side next the Town, is by no means safe to be approached; the perpendicular cheeks on each side are at least a thousand feet high, and threaten momentarily to choke up the chasm with their rains.

Capt. Thibault has measured the fragment above-mentioned, and the dimensions are

In length,	18 feet.
Breadth,	15
Height,	14

The solidity of this irregular cavernous mass he estimates at 3,400 cubic feet, and its weight about 560,000 pounds, 250 tons. Its nature siliceous sandstone, of a compact granular texture.

Had a rock of this magnitude been detached from any other part of the face of the mountain, except the cheeks of the ravine, it would in all probability have worked its passage to the very skirts of the town.

Marriages.

MARRIED, at Frankford, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. Benjamin Stille, to Miss Ann D'Silver, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 28th ult. at the house of her father, the Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, at Nithaminy, in Bucks County, Mrs. Mary Hart, wife of Dr. William Hart, in the 24th year of her age.

—, On the 5th inst. Mr. B. Collins, a native of Milford, (Del.) a young man much esteemed, and deeply regretted by all his acquaintance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Fever of '98, a descriptive Poem, by Carlos," shall receive as early attention as possible.

The writer of a selected "Ode to the Moon," has our thanks.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REFLECTIONS

IN SUNDRY GRAVE YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

(Concluded from our last.)

Now to **, ***** we'll take our walk, and trace
The sculptur'd monuments, and who lies there;
There we shall learn new lessons from the dead,
There find more proofs that we must also die.

What pensive wanderer is that we see,
With grief-worn visage and dejected mien?
See, dear Amelia, how his eyes are fixt,
As if he'd rivet them on yonder marble.
Let us enquire the cause of such attachment
To the spot, which thus attracts his notice.
Alas! poor * C****!—we need enquire no more,
The stone itself suffices to inform.

'Tis the late partner of his joys and cares;

Sad partner too, a while in unbelief!

Denying, melancholy, dreadful thought!

Denying to themselves, and to mankind,

The cheering, soul-enlivening prospect

Of a resurrection from the dead,

And all the glorious prospects of eternity.

I, sympathizing, ask'd him, if he now

Could contemplate his dear departed wife,

With recollection of her virtues past,

And for a moment entertain the thought

That she would live no more for ever?

He answer'd—"No; forbid the horrid thought!

"But fools or madmen like myself, could dream,

"Or entertain a thought so fraught with folly."

This realizes what the poet erst hath said,

"Men may live fools; but fools they cannot die."

How kind is Providence who strikes the stroke,

Perhaps the only stroke that would alarm,

And rouse us from that truly awful state,

A lethargy in sin! an unconcern

Of death, and all its dreadful consequences.

How ought we bless that kind correcting hand,

And "kiss the rod," that us in mercy strikes,

And not in wrath, how'er severe the blow.

Infinite Wisdom knows the needful stroke,

And goodness infinite directs the blow;

Whether a wife, a child, a brother, friend,

A husband, sister, or a parent fall.

Now having scan'd these various monuments,

What faithful admonitions do they give?

Some speaking nonsense, and some boasting fame,

Some speaking lies, some flattery knaves and fools;

Some boasting a descent from ancestors

Imaginary great! who ages since

Have moulder'd like themselves in native dust.

While some, it must be own'd speak solemn truths,

And loudly strike upon the human heart.

How salutary all! would we but mark,

And well digest the poet's faithful hint—

NOTE.

* The circumstances here referred to, and those which follow, respecting Perry and his family, who died in 1798, were facts within the writer's knowledge.

"How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 "To whom related, or by whom begot;
 "A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 "'Tis all *thou* art, and all the *proud* shall be."

With this another thought appropriate
 Obscures itself, almost of equal weight—

He that depends on ancestors for fame,
 And thinks that honour is deriv'd from name;
 Will sadly find his fame and honour fled,
 Whene'er he takes his sleep in this cold bed.
 Seek then to raise thy fame by noble deeds,
 Thy *own* renown ten thousand times exceeds
 What fancied honours thou may'st entertain,
 Descending in hereditary train.

Enough of this Amelia—now we'll hence,
 And take a new survey; where we may find
 Some new instruction, and some new reproof.

 This place, tho' small, exhibits many marks
 Of death's victorious, and vindictive hand.
 See yonder stone, how it is fill'd with names,
 We'll step and see the cause of such profusion.
Stone did I say! 'tis only painted *wood*;
 But full of records of departed souls.
 Whose names are these, Amelia, that we see?
 Alas! poor *PARRY*!—'tis indeed the same,—
 I knew him well,—almost my next door neighbour.
 Forgive my weakness, O my generous friends;
 I needs must shed a sympathizing tear,
 While I relate the melancholy tale.
 Six out of sev'n! within so many days,
 By pestilence swept off the stage of life!
 And only one—one solitary child
 Survives, disconsolate, to mourn his loss,
 And tell the world the sad disastrous tale.
 Rejoice ye infant sons whose sires are spar'd,
 Ye daughters too, whose loving mothers live,
 To guard you from the wrongs which orphans know,
 And the contagion of a wicked world.
 But ah! alas! unfaithful do you prove
 To this vast charge, ye *thoughtless parents*;
 Who forbear to check the monster vice,
 In its dread progress o'er the youthful mind.
 And ye professors of the Christian faith,
 Who make much outward shew of piety,
 Affecting great austerity and zeal:
 What language shall I find to reach *your hearts*?
 You who profess to know the worth of souls,
 And yet permit your children to partake
 In all the vices that disgrace the age.
 How will you answer at the bar of God,
 When at your hands their souls shall be requir'd?
 How justify such conduct to your child?
 Whose keen reproach will meet you on that day,
 And like ten thousand barbed darts, will pierce
 Your agonizing hearts, and rend your souls.
 Think then, O think! or ere it be too late,
 On the important duty that you owe
 To those dear children, who on you depend
 For information, precept and example.

Let this grand truth e'er rest upon the mind,
 "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd:"
 One precept, planted in the infant stage,
 Will yield more fruit than *twenty* done in age.

* See Note to the preceding column.

A word in season, says a sage of old,
 Is pictur'd *silver*, charg'd with fruit of *gold*;
 Know surely then, the proper season's youth,
 To store the mind with virtue, wisdom, truth.

Now let us read these various records o'er,
 And learn from thence the certainty of death,
 And all the vast vicissitudes of life:
 Death, thro' the whole, waiting to strike the blow,
 Whene'er commission'd to perform his part.
 What mean these children entering yonder gate?
 'Tis the procession of an infant corpse—
 Ah! happy favour'd soul! to 'scape the ills
 That ever wait upon the human race,
 While passing thro' this wilderness of sin.
 A privilege indeed!—to taste the world,—
 To become heir to immortality;—
 And instantly to shun the pains and cares,
 Which never fail to strew the path of life.
 O! did the weeping parents but perceive
 The blest exchange of toils, and troubles dire,
 For that unmixt, unsullied bliss above;
 No cause for clam'rous sorrow would be found;
 But resignation to the will of heav'n,
 Would set the willing seal to its decree.
 Then would triumphant faith rejoice and sing
 A parting requiem to the infant soul:
 And antedate the future joys of heav'n,
 By sweet anticipation of its bliss.

Now having kindly number'd tear for tear,
 And sigh for sigh, with those that mourn the loss
 Of friends deposited with solemn rites:
 We'll take a walk to lonely *Potters-field*.
 There contemplate the awful spectacle,
 And amplify our sympathy and grief,
 Where numbers of our fellow-citizens
 Lie mould'ring, buried in promiscuous heaps!

 Here thousands rest their late distracted heads,
 The melancholy wreck of pestilence!
 Without one friend to take a last farewell,
 Or pay the tribute of affection's tear.
 This is an awful spectacle! Indeed!
 With here a nameless *stick*, and there a *stone*,
 To designate the spot, (perhaps untrue)
 Where lies the corpse of a *deserted friend*.
 Deserted too, when nature's loudest call
 In quick vibrations rung upon the minds
 Of those, whose flight inhumanity's heart,
 And all the sympathies of man dissolv'd.
 "And are there such among the human race,"
 Enquir'd Amelia, "who desert their friends
 "At this most awful crisis; when their aid,
 "If aid they ever give, is needed most?
 "Surely, no father would desert his child,
 "No wife nor husband would desert their spouse,
 "No son nor daughter e'er could think to fly
 "And leave a parent in such dire distress."
 Yes, my Amelia, such *alas!* there are,
 I will not call them human, 'twould be wrong.
 Whose cold unfeeling hearts recoil at death,
 And fly the post of duty and affection.
 In all the agonies of fell disease,
 When help and consolation's needed most;
 Leave nearest relatives, and dearest friends,
 Alone to struggle in the jaws of death!

* The Hospital Dying Ground.

For want of friendships' kind and faithful aid,
 Hundreds perhaps lie here beneath this mould,
 Whose lives might otherwise have been prolong'd;
 Nor prematurely number'd with the dead.
 But what is still more painful to relate,
 The probability, that *some* of these
 Were hurried to the tomb, *possessing life*,
 And breath'd their last beneath these clods of earth!
 For misery such as this, the human mind
 Knows no support!—reason, alas, is stifled!
 Patience has lost all hope! the dire extreme
 Knows no alternative, but *rage* and *death*!....
 Amelia, fainting at the thought, cry'd out
 In terror and alarm, "O father spare!—
 "Spare me, (if you survive me when I die,)
 "At least *one* day;—I cannot bear the thought
 "To be immur'd, while living, in the grave."
 No, my dear child, to soothe her troubled mind,
 I made reply, *one* day shall not suffice;
 (If I am spar'd) altho' it cost my life,
 Thou ne'er shalt suffer that tremendous death.

EDWARD.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHILE warlike deeds awake the lyre,
 And call forth all the poet's fire;
 While politicians foam and rage,
 And 'gainst each other warfare wage:
 Be mine the task to quit the throng,
 Where passion swells, and tune the song;
 Be mine the task to sound the lay,
 For this is *Stella's natal day*.

Begone, dull Care, nor hither come,
 For such a guest there is no room.
 But haste, light Mirth, at friendship's call,
 And with thee bring thy pleasures all:
 Thy od'rous flowrets spread with dew,
 Bedeck'd in all their various hue;
 Thy tiptoe follower light and gay,—
 For this is *Stella's natal day*.

Ye swains, mild tenants of the vale
 Where buxom Health rides on each gale,
 Here join the jocund, youthful train,
 To celebrate upon the plain
 The day that first beheld (I ween)
 This soft ey'd maid, this virgin queen,
 Lovely as *Flora's* self in May:—
 Come celebrate her natal day.

Love is the theme that fills the grove;
 Responsive Echo answers love.
 What floods of music float around!
 What beams of radiance gild the ground!
 Each heav'nly tint awakes a charm,
 That even Impotence might warm.
 E'en bounteous nature strives to pay
 Respect to *Stella's natal day*.

Stella! the muse now serious grown,
 Would fain her flattery disown;
 Would whisper something in thine ear,
 What every maid don't like to hear:
 'Tis time to adorn your mind with care,
 If you wish always to be fair;
 For nineteen years have pass'd away,
 Since Time first mark'd your natal day.

Sept. 15th, 1802.

FLORIO.